

DOES IT PAY?—BY JANE WHITAKER

Is it riches you covet, to slake your mad greed,
To appease the keen hunger of lust
For the gold that you gather beyond human need,
While your conscience grows tarnished with rust?
What will it get you—a bauble or two,
A sycophant comrade, and naught that is true?
But tell me, my friend, when the battle is through,
Was it worth it—the prize that you drew?

Is it Fame that you covet, a wreath made of bay
And the praise of the world cried aloud;
A moment of glory, that fades soon away
To be drowned in the hiss of the crowd?
What will it get you—an honor or two,
A breath of approval, the plaudits of few?
But tell me, my friend, when the battle is through,
Was it worth it—the prize that you drew?

For, after you capture the thing that you sought,
Be it riches, or honor, or what—
There's a hole in the ground and an earth-eating mound,
Was it worth it—the prize that you got?

HE WAS RIGHT



TAKING NO CHANCES



"Marry you? Impossible! Why, you couldn't afford to buy my dresses."

"Well, if the fashions will only continue reducing the amount of material required, I can soon do it."

"My intended husband is a financier."

"How do you know?"

"He didn't buy the engagement ring until I had accepted him."